

Dying Tears.

OR,

Englands Joy turned to mourning, for the loss of that Vertuous Prince, Henry Duke of Gloucester, 3d. Son to our late Sovereign King Charles the first: Who departed this life the 13. of September, in the Year of our Lord, 1660.

Prepare for death before you dye,
If you would live eternally.

To the Tune of, *Aim not too high.*



C... are the wonders that our God hath done,
Great are the mercies which to us are shown
Yet we forget to say that God is just,
Even though he turn the living into dust.

Now learn, O England, learn for to lament
His death; who from us hath been long absent;
And at the last is come on English Shore
To lay his Corps; whose death we now deplore.

Just in the prime and blooming of His age,
Dear Gloster's ravished from this mortal Stage:
Yet though his body can no more revive,
Yet his rare Vertues seem to be alive.

So once had fair England bidden welcome home
This our most vertuous Prince, but death doth come;
Scarce had his weary body taken rest,
Behold grim death doth come and takes his breath.

How can fair England weep enough and mourn,
His comely Corps we can't enough adorn:
O death, our hopes, our Treasure, in an hour
Hast thou overtook, which makes salt tears to shower

O ambitious death! how dar'st thou in his Prime,
To cut down him, in whom all vertues shine:
Therefore we'll seek his vertues for to blaze,
Upon his Tomb we will set forth his praise.

So sooner in his vertues we did trust,
But presently this Prince is turn'd to dust:
O then what course of lives should Mortalls take,
Seeing that Princes cannot death forsake.

Great Emperours and Kings lye at the stake,
To say they live, to morrow in their graves they make
Death is a debt we owe, which we must pay:
When death doth call, poor mortalls must obey.

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The Second Part to the same Tune,



O What foul man, would but view o're his days,
And seriously consider his own wayes:
How that all things below are vanity,
Our souls Redeemer 'tis that lyes on high.

The God of Love putt forth his mercies great
On our Dead Sovereign, even from his mercy seat;
O give him grace and wisdom to consider
That where his Brother's gone, he must go thither.

For Kings and Princes are but a span,
When death doth come with's grimly part in hand
To give the stroke: whilst nature thus adviseth
To all its pleasures, and it's Comfort too.

O that our God would putt his spirit upon
Our King and Prince, that they may both live long;
I let them know 'tis not the arm of flesh
That's able to withstand Deaths powerfull crush.

'Tis not mans honour nor his powerfull hand,
Nor his Riches that are at his command,
Neither his friends at all can him deliver
From death's sad stroke, which strikes but

O learn with blessed David for to prove
That Gods thy portion and thy only love;
When death shall not affright thee, nor the grave;
But this shall thee rejoyce, thy soul to save.

Death is no King, the grave cannot contain
The Righteous soul that makes for his gain,
But wicked men when once late in the Morn,
Their souls in torments ever after burn.

But this is not our Gloster Case, for he
Was the true pattern of Nobility:
Saint like he liv'd, and he the same did dye,
As soon as deaths Pleas'd his soul did fly.

When France did harbour this our Noble Py,
His Mother did endeavour to convince
Him to turn Baptist; but with courage bold
He said his true Religion he would hold

The learned Jesuite could not him deceive,
Their damned Doctrine he would not believe:
Nor all the Learned men that France could yield
Could make this Christian prince to quite the field,

But now he's dead! alas, where is he gone,
His Corps to dust, his soul to Heav'n is come:
(ever. O then Rejoyce, O England, and be glad,
Once for that God has carried him, even to good from bad,

Concluding, now I end my mournfull song.
Which to all men in England doth belong,
Prepare for death before before you dye,
If e're you mean to live eternally.

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